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ZISCA.

Zisca, the renowned and celebrated leader of the reformed Bohemian state, who so long and so gallantly resisted the tyranny of the House of Austria, in defence of the civil and religious liberties of his country, a short time before his death, gave the following most extraordinary command. He solemnly enjoined, that after his decease, (which happened A.D. 1424,) his body should be skinned, and a drum made of it. This his last injunction was religiously obeyed. His skin after undergoing the necessary preparations, was manufactured into a drum; and the awful roll of this sacred drum was long regarded by these suffering patriots, as the signal for death or victory!

M.

DANGEROUS LEGISLATION.

It was a practice with the ancient Locrians, in order that their laws and customs might subsist in their ancient purity, that when any citizen proposed a new law, he stood forth in the assembly of the people, with a cord round his neck; if the law met their approbation, he was instantly saluted with loud acclamations, as a man who hazarded his life to promote the public good; but if the law was rejected, the innovator was instantly strangled.

M.

FALSE WORSHIP.

It is a most astonishing and shocking fact, that in Japan, and other barbarous islands in the Eastern Ocean, the natives are so depraved and sunk to such an inconceivable degree of ignorance and idolatry, that they worship the Devil, or great Spirit of Evil, under the most hideous and ridiculous figures.

M.

ANECDOTE OF A GERMAN.

As a party of Students were on their passage from Belfast, to the University of Glasgow, in the Greenock packet, a German obtained liberty to sit in the cabin; he had not continued long there, 'till the wind rose, and a violent hurricane threatened irremediable death to the affrighted crew. Safety was even despaired of by the stout-hearted sailors. All then were deeply engaged in sending up their prayers to the Almighty, on account of their awful situation; some of their fervent ejaculations became so audible, that they annoyed the whole company; when the German, apparently insensible of imminent death, bawled out, " *Damn you, pray to yourselves, and let every one get the good of his own prayers ! ! ?*"*

QUINTUS QUIZ.

* I can assure you of the authenticity of this anecdote, as I myself heard the words.

Q. Q.

POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

EMERALD ISLE.

IT may appear puerile to lay claim to a priority of application in the use of an epithet: but poets, like bees, have a very strong sense of property, and both are of that irritable kind, as to be extremely jea-

dous of any one who robs them of their hoarded sweets. The sublime epithet which Milton used in his poem on the nativity, written at fifteen years of age, (" his thunder-clasping hand,") would have been claimed by him as his own, even after he had finished the " Paradise Lost;" and Gray would prosecute as a literary poacher the daring hand that would presume to

break into his orchard, and appropriate a single epithet in that line, the most beautifully descriptive which ever was written :

“ The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.”

On such authority, a poetaster reclaims the original use of an epithet, (“ The Emerald Isle,”) in a party song, written without the rancour of party, in the year 1795 ; and from the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it will gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its prime natural beauty, and its inestimable value. A sweet-sounding name is sometimes a wheel on which a nation runs down to posterity with greater ease and celerity. The Greek language charioeered that people to the temple of immortality, and Voltaire shrewdly remarks that many heroes are lost to the world, like the founders of the Swiss republic, Melchthal, Stauffacher, Vallkerfurst, &c., by the jaw-breaking articulation of their names : “ La difficulté de prononcer des noms si respectables nuit à leur célébrité.” A.P.

ERIN.

WHEN ERIN first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
God bless'd the green island—He saw it was good :
The em'rald of Europe ; it sparkled ; it shone ;
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

In her sun—in her soil—in her station, thrice bless'd ;
With back turn'd to Britain, her face to the west,
Erin stands, proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp to the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is cast o'er the deep ;
At the thought of the past, tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of the heart makes the white bosom rise.

“ O, sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
“ When religion was—war ; and our country—a crime !

“ When men, in God's image, inverted his plan,
“ And moulded their God from the image of man.

“ When the int'rest of state wrought the general woe ;
“ The stranger—a friend ; and the native—a foe ;
“ While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children distress'd,
“ And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.

“ When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,
“ Church and state join'd in compact to conquer the whole ;
“ And while Shannon ran red with Milesian blood,
“ Ey'd each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

“ By the groans that ascend from your forefather's grave,
“ For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
“ Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den ;
“ And where Britain made brutes, now let Erin make men.

“ Let my sons, like the leaves of their shamrock, unite ;
“ A partition of sects from one foot-stalk of right :
“ Give each his full share of this earth and yon sky ;
“ Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

“ Alas for poor Erin, that some still are seen,
“ Who would dye the grass red, in their hatred to green !
“ Yet, O ! when you're up and they down, let them live,
“ Then, yield them that mercy which they did not give.

“ Arm of Erin, prove strong ! but be gentle as brave ;
“ And uplifted to strike, still be ready to save ;
“ Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile,
“ The cause, or the men of the EMERALD ISLE.